

# The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1907.

## Going Out of Town?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested.

You can keep fully informed about Richmond affairs only through The Times-Dispatch. Before leaving, mail or phone your address to this office. Phone 4041, City Circulation Department.

The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty—Covley.

## JUDGE PRITCHARD'S INJUNCTION.

Affairs have reached a point in the conflict between the State and Federal courts in North Carolina which will make every thoughtful citizen trust that nothing further will be done to strain a situation that is already far too tense for rational thinking or calm action. In another column The Times-Dispatch gives an interesting and accurate account from exceptionally well informed sources of the heated campaign that culminated in the reduction of passenger rates, which was the cause of the present content in North Carolina.

Wise legislation and statesman-like care for rights of the railroads are not best service for the public are not developed by such appeals and arguments as led the North Carolina Legislature to finally adopt laws now being contested. It is useless now, however, to discuss the possibilities of another course. The question is how best to deal with this condition, and no matter what the outcome may be it is beyond all doubt the part of true citizenship to prevent as far as possible any further exasperation.

One would think that the railroads were about to work irreparable and fearful damage to the most treasured lives and heritages of the Old North State, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is simply a question of a slight reduction in passenger rates, which it seems to the railroads confiscation to grant, and to the State contumacy to refuse. The amount at issue in dollars and cents is utterly insignificant. The principle, which gives States the right to regulate railroad rates is not denied. The sole point at issue is the reasonableness of the regulation and the propriety of interference by Judge Pritchard. In a few months at best the latter question will be definitely determined by the Supreme Court of the United States. In the interim no great harm can by any possibility be done by the traveling public of North Carolina. This public, however, may, through its clamor and demands, force a conflict between State and Federal authorities that is not only unnecessary and unwise, but can be productive of no good, and may seriously jeopardize the peace and dignity of a great Commonwealth.

The cornerstone of the theory of co-ordinate State and Federal courts depends, as was said by the United States Supreme Court in 1857, on the willingness of each court to "give preference to such principles and methods of procedure as shall serve to conciliate the distinct and independent tribunals of the States and the Union."

It is difficult to see how the Supreme Court can depart from the decision of Pitts vs. McGhee, which case was almost the same as the situation now raised in North Carolina, especially as the citations given by Judge Pritchard do not appear to the lay mind to be as nearly applicable to the North Carolina case as the decision above referred to. Fortunately these fine legal points do not have to be determined by the newspapers or the public. We have in Washington the ablest court of judges that fits in any civilized country. This court is both able and willing to hear and determine impartially the issue that has been raised in North Carolina. For the strengthening of the law and for the good name of North Carolina, The Times-Dispatch trusts that the citizens and officials of North Carolina will show that fairness which is an essential characteristic of all communities fitted to play the responsibilities and the self-restraints of popular government.

**FAULTS OF THE THERMOMETER.**  
In days like these there are frequent complaints that the thermometer

stands very much lower than the apparent temperature of the air. This is caused by the fact that the Fahrenheit thermometer and the human body gauge the heat in different ways. The human body has a much more complex system. The thermometer does not generate any heat of its own. All it does is to measure the temperature of the air. The mercury in it rises with the heat of the air, irrespective of other atmospheric conditions.

But the human body has to take account of the heat, density and movement of the air, and several other factors besides. The body is itself a heat engine, and is all the time generating heat as a by-product in the alchemy by which it converts food into bone and sinew, and this heat has to be got rid of somehow. It follows that anything which checks the disposal of this heat will raise the temperature of the body.

There are three ways by which this heat is disposed of—conduction, radiation and evaporation. By conduction the body tries to strike an average with the temperature about it, and naturally this is at a maximum in winter. The wind, too, is a great element in conduction. This is a matter of common experience.

The amount of heat lost by radiation depends on the temperature and radiating powers of surrounding objects. Most heat prostrations are due to the checking of radiation, as by the presence of many persons crowded together and of hot walls and pavements.

In the summertime conduction is only useful in a breeze. The human body and the air have nearly equal temperatures for conduction in still air. Evaporation is then the chief reliance. The change of water into vapor gets rid of heat, and a working-man may throw off in perspiration 7 or 8 per cent. of his weight in the course of a day in the harvest field. But evaporation requires dry air, and if the air is saturated to start with, it cannot be expected to absorb the perspiration any more than would a wet piece of blotting paper. It is this which makes humidity such an enemy to midsummer comfort, and the heat of the Red Sea, at a Fahrenheit temperature of 90 degrees more unbearable than the "hot winds" of India, which are dry, but show a temperature sometimes of 115 degrees. Figures like these almost justify the irrepressible Bromide in his oft-repeated plaint.

**WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TEXAS?**  
An observant subscriber in Drville writes us as follows:

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir—What is the matter with Texas? And Houston? To satisfy my curiosity won't you kindly publish why you are continually making fun (in a good-natured way) of poor old Texas, and, etc., what can we do in the interest of humanity and civilization to put her on her feet once more—that is, if she ever has been?

I have been reading your editorial sarcasms so long about Texas that I can't help but inquire as to her condition, etc.

This letter reached us some ten days ago. We have weakly suppressed it for that length of time, because the magnitude of the task here so lightly imposed fairly appalled us. We saw at a glance that to tell our correspondent conscientiously all that is the matter with Texas would require the entire time of The Times-Dispatch staff all during the warm months. This being out of the question, we now inform him, succinctly, that there is nothing the matter with Texas, except Texas. That, to paraphrase Tallyrand, is Texas's only fault.

Texas is a great big untamed section of the earth's surface, situated somewhat north of the Equator, and inhabited by cattle with a fair sprinkling of humans. The proportion was about four to one in 1900, with the cattle gaining. Texas also produces cotton, corn, forty-horsepower onions and a fruit locally known as watermelon, but said to be indistinguishable elsewhere from pumpkin or squash. Texas's most famous product, however, is the man-eating cyclone, which insures a drift in the State after Houston Post has gone to bed, but has a devastating effect upon the population. Only the exceptionally hardy survive, it is said, the mollycoddles being snuffed out like so many candles.

Texas got into the Union in 1845, and that still remains, no doubt, the biggest thing she ever did. A Virginian, Sam Houston, put the thing through for her. Virginia has always been, and is now, glad to help Texas in every possible way. Our correspondent is in error, however, in supposing that she needs to be "put on her feet" at this time. Texas is on her feet—and thumping big feet they are—and is giving every evidence of an intention to grow up into a fine State some day. Critics of Texas must always bear in mind that she is still very young.

What's the matter with Texas? Well, what's the matter with Kansas? We answer, emphatically and by the slogan—they're all right. Only—give them time and don't scold, remembering through everything that boys will be boys.

**PROSPEROUS VIRGINIA.**  
The health and vigor of agriculture in Virginia stands in strong contrast to the conditions in New England and New York. During the past twenty years, when the Northern farmer has been abandoning his land or selling it for half the cost of the buildings on it, the Virginian has been learning to overcome obstacles and unlearning the methods that his predecessors used. A farming territory as big as the State of Rhode Island has been abandoned in New York State, and land values have fallen off from a third to a half. The New York and New England farmers have migrated in wholesale numbers to the cities, and the villages and

country suffer correspondingly from this depopulation.

The last few decades have brought a widely different development in Virginia. Confronted by the problem of readjusting itself to entirely new conditions, the farming industry is each year being placed on a sounder and more permanent footing.

Our farmers are annually absorbing and applying business-like methods to agriculture. They are learning that farming is a business on a large scale, with unending possibilities of leakage, which must be closely watched. The plantation of fifty years ago is now divided into smaller farms, because farmers are realizing that there is no need to pay taxes on land which is no use to them. Intensive farming is largely replacing the extensive system of former times. Tobacco is more and more being eliminated from the Virginian farmers' routine of crops, because it exhausts valuable properties of the soil. Instead, crops are favored that restore each year strength to the land, and a scientific rotation of crops is very generally adopted. This progressive unbuilding of agriculture has taken place in the face of the Virginian farmer's labor problem. It may be that to a certain extent the labor difficulties have been indirectly helped, because by them the farmer has been forced to practice intensive farming by only cultivating such land as he himself and his family can care for. At any rate, modern invention has greatly relieved this difficulty, and the present day farmer uses machines which enable one man to do the work of several. No stronger evidence of the growing prosperity of the Virginia farming communities could be found, than the rapid establishment of country banks, which is always a steady and permanent sign of prosperity.

Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, asserts that dog-meat is as good as mutton. Without knowing whether or not the Professor has ever wrangled with a Coney Island frankfurter, we beg leave to condole with him on having that kind of mutton.

A New York girl, with an income of \$18,500 a year, says that she cannot possibly live on it. It is none of our business, of course, but it would seem to be the lady's privilege to embrace the alternative.

The revolving days have brought us now to fullest midsummer, and still the B. Washington limbs have stretched themselves no single time beneath the Roosevelt mahogany.

Senator Daniel says that Senator Culberson would make a safe President, and maybe he would. What we are looking for just now, however, is a safe candidate.

The Telegraphers' Union appears to be resorting to every known device to endear themselves to the general public. Now they have started slugging Congressmen.

Dr. Wiley announces that any man can live to be 100 years old, and some people are mightily afraid that he will show Roosevelt how.

The queerest woman alive has been discovered. She is Mrs. ex-Senator Peffer. It is said on good authority that she likes Peffer's whiskers.

"Where is the Shaw boom?" demands Henry Watterson. We know, Colonel, but we have promised not to tell.

If Roosevelt were really enjoying his summer, he would have called somebody a liar by this time.

Reputable authorities declare that the Texas onion, of late speaking, is as strong as an automobile.

The Ideal Woman has just died in Ohio. She had not spoken to a man for seventy years.

Possibly the reason a grasshopper sometimes jumps 200 times its own length is to avoid the chauffeur.

Even a strong boom cannot stand all kinds of knocking, and Fairbanks' boom was never that kind.

It is a felony now to sell trust goods in Texas. It was always a mistake to sell goods on trust there.

Can "Salome," for example, ever inspire any real theatre trust?

Fairbanks Family Reunion—Boston, July 5th. Teetotal press please copy.

A bathing-buit is not a crime. On the contrary, it is the soul of wit.

**PERSONAL AND GENERAL.**

Great Britain owns more land of North America than the United States.

Los Angeles has over thirty-five women who are earning their living as barbers.

The length of the foot should be one-sixth the height of a well-formed person.

The number of persons to the square mile in this country is seventeen, while in England it is 450.

In Lewiston, Me., there is a young woman called, and in New York State a blacksmith is an by three women.

An engineer in East Java claims to have invented an implement with which two men can cut sixteen tons of sugar-cane a day.

The new harbor works at Yokohama will cost \$10,000,000. The money is being raised by the Japanese government by foreign loan.

The railroads of England and Ireland are of different gauges. Those of Ireland are five feet three inches, four feet eight and one-half inches.

In round figures the area of India is 1,500,000 square miles; the United States, 3,500,000; and Russia, including Siberia, 5,000,000.

# Poems You Ought to Know SOCIAL and PERSONAL

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 1223.

## A Woman's Tongue.

(From "Taming of the Shrew.")

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, mad with the wind,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'arums, neighing steeds and trumpets' clang?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?  
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,  
As will a chafin in a farmer's fire.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1903. One is published each day.

## Rhymes for To-Day

THE POOL.

O F all queer things, both far and near,  
The Boon's the thing that Does most queer.

It Acts so very strange, I reckon,  
That Few can count on it, By Heck,  
Nor can One say, by This or That,  
Just where a Given Boon is At—  
Aye!—Vain it is to Make Complaint:  
'Tis true 'twas here, to-day it Ain't—  
Yesterday it Towed in the Air,  
This Morn it isn't Anywhere.

It's All Too queer, My Dears! By whom  
Is known the queer way of the Boon?  
Where does it Come From—ah! who knows?

And who can fathom Where it Goes?  
Why should it thrive Six Months, perhaps,  
And then, in Silence Loud, collapse?

As Cocktails slipped vice Lemonade?  
Nobility knows; but That's the Fact,  
So Oddly do these Boon-Things Act.

Ask me no more, Dear Kids, for I  
Am all At Sea, and know not Why—  
Bill Taft and Knox and Leslie Shaw  
Now miss those Boons that Once They Saw.

Nor why the Moan: "The Thing's most queer!"  
Where are the Boons of Yesterday?"  
H. S. H.

A reader dedicates the appended plausible, yet all but insulting, thoughts, to Rhymes for To-Day.

**INSPIRED BY "GEEWILKINS."**

Your yesterday's poem on heat was immense—

I read it and broke in a sweat:

The warmth of the weather and things are intense—

But your rhyme was the hottest thing yet.

No doubt, if your spirit should leave its crude frame,

And sail to a warm clime, I know,

You would find it refreshing to toy with a flame—

You could cool off, no doubt, down below.

P. S. J.

MERELY JOKING.

New Version. "After all, the old saws are true."

Boeker: "Yes, it is more blessed to give than have a receiver."—New York Sun.

**A Natural Indignation.**

Nodd: "Would you mind returning the book?"

Todd: "Some one borrowed it of me, and hasn't returned it yet. Did you ever see anything like this?"

"A thing like that? They have no sense of honor."—Life.

**The Brute!**

"So Xantippe Sifkins is going to apply for a divorce. Do you know on what ground?"

"Cruel and inhuman treatment."

"Did her husband treat her so very badly?"

"No man could have treated a woman worse. He never would give her any good reason for finding fault with him."—Baltimore American.

**On His Knees:**

Do Long: "I hear you are hunting for a rich wife."

Shortleaf: "Right you are."

Do Long: "Do anything but that!"

Shortleaf: "Nothing but my trousers."—London Tit-Bits.

**Lost Opportunity.**

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?"

"Hoo-hoo, I've told downstairs."

"Don't take on so, my pet. He'll get better soon."

"Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffin."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Classical Allusion.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir—The query in your issue of today (Sunday) concerning Judaea

Appella and the Latin sentence quoted is fully answered by referring to the famous "Fifth Satire" of the Latin poet Horace.

The journey he made from Rome to Brundisium in company with his patron, Maecenas, and several other friends, on an official mission.

Towards the end of their journey they arrived at the little seacoast town of Capri, where, as Horace says, Judaea Appella, then, was probably a Grecian Jew living in Rome at the time of Horace, who, by relating miraculous stories about his business, but earlier, became, in the eyes of the Romans, a synonym for a credulous man.

P. P. E.

Richmond, July 21st.

Early Closing.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir—My heart has often sympathized with the salesmen in the town

during the summer months. It is an especial hardship during the summer months. It is an especial hardship during the summer months.

The clerk of the Richmond market, during the summer months, is an especial hardship during the summer months.

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# SOCIAL and PERSONAL

THE wedding of Miss Annie Belle Snead, daughter of Mrs. Virginia Robertson Snead and the late John I. Snead, to Mr. Edward T. Baird, son of the late A. Clark Baird, was celebrated on Thursday, at 9 P. M., in the home of the bride, No. 1223 North Twenty-fourth Street, Rev. James Hay, pastor of Highland Baptist Church, officiating. The bride party descended the staircase, Mr. James Turnipseed and Mr. Thomas B. Alford leading.

The bride entered with her brother, Mr. John Newton Snead. She was gowned in white duchesse satin, en princess, with yoke and berthe of baby Irish lace. Her veil was fastened with orange blossoms and her flowers were white roses and white sweet peas.

Before the ceremony Miss Lucy Berkeley sang, "O Promise Me," and Mrs. Warren W. Snead played the wedding march. An informal reception was held after the ceremony. Many handsome gifts were displayed.

The wedding trip was first to the Jamestown Exposition and afterward to the Eastern cities.

Noli—Hicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bradford Hicks have issued cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Ethel May, to Mr. Jacob Standford Neel. The ceremony took place on Saturday in Washington, D. C.

Miss Hicks was accompanied from Richmond by her mother, Mrs. Thomas B. Hicks, and her sister, Mrs. Anderson.

**Field—Courtland.**  
A pretty home wedding was celebrated at 9:30 o'clock on the evening of July 17th, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Courtland, of No. 227 South Street, when their daughter, Madeline Virginia, was married to Mr. Frank W. Field.

The bride was gowned in white silk, worn with a veil and orange blossoms. She carried white roses. Her sister, Miss Lela Courtland, the maid of honor, wore white organdy and had a bouquet of white carnations. Mr. Charles A. Day, of this city, acted as best man.

**Lawn Party.**  
As the lawn parties at the Church of the Holy Comforter have proved very successful, another will be given Wednesday, from 8 to 11 P. M. Ice cream, delicious nectar, home-made candies and other refreshments will be served. The program includes music, games and motoring. There will be no charge for admission. All are cordially invited.

**Alderman Reunion.**  
A reunion of the Aldermen family throughout the United States will be held on August 30 at the Jamestown Exposition. The Aldermans, now widely scattered in different sections, had their origin in the State of North Carolina.

The different representatives of the family will gather in Room No. 3 of the Auditorium Building. Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, will be present.

**To Be Maid of Honor.**  
Miss Jane Preston Boulware, of No. 1 East Franklin Street, in this city, will be maid of honor at the wedding to-day of her cousin, Miss Lucy Preston Beale, to Mr. Oscar Caperton Hoffman, of Buchanan, Va.

The ceremony will take place quietly at 7 o'clock this evening at "Tressall," the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Radford Beale, the bride's parents.

Mr. Preston Johnston Beale, recently returned from Bombay, India, will be best man.

After a wedding journey of several weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman will make their home at "Oak Hill," a handsome estate on James River, recently purchased by Mr. Hoffman.

**Return to City.**  
Mrs. Thomas S. Becock has returned after being hostess for a week at "Beauvoir," the Daughters of the Confederacy building at the Jamestown Exposition. Mrs. Becock reports every thing at "Beauvoir" in flourishing condition.

Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, who, with Mrs. Becock, represented Richmond Chapter at Beauvoir, on Richmond Day, returned Saturday evening.

**Personal Mention.**  
Miss Amelia Dordinger, of Brunswick, Ga., is visiting Mrs. Thomas A. Daffron at No. 1524 Floyd Avenue.

Miss Floyd Taylor, in company with Paymaster George W. Seibles, of the United States Navy, and Mrs. Seibles, is spending a month in Boston and at other Northern resorts.

Miss Mattie Nelson, of Hill, who has been a guest of friends in this city, has returned to her home in King William county.

Miss Annie M. Flood, of Andersonville, Va., left yesterday for her home, after spending several months with her sister, Mrs. J. P. Davis, of No. 2620 East Main Street, where she stayed here, she attended the exposition.

Messrs. E. Parke Clementt and William A. Robins are spending a week at Ocean View and the Jamestown Exposition.

Miss Pattie McGeehe, who has just returned from Willoughby Beach, left Saturday for Julia Courthouse, to give several recitals.

Mr. and Mrs. William Treudi are spending their honeymoon at Long Branch and Newport. They will visit the Jamestown Exposition before returning to Richmond. Mrs. Treudi, before her marriage, was Miss Emma J. Unser.

Mr. and Mrs. Archer L. Burford are spending the summer at Caldwell Healing Springs, near New Castle, Va